

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD---OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

WHOLE NO. 591.

your worst enemies, those who would counsel you to violence, or seek to perpetuate a schism between us and you. Nothing would strike greater terror to the heart of the lordly interest, than the spectacle of a compact and indissoluble union of the middle and the working classes. They well know that they cannot continue to rob both, while they keep us disunited.

But, my friends, we must disappoint them. We must unite against the common enemy. We must not permit them to divide and conquer. Together we are stronger than they. Consult, then, your duty and your interest. Come over to our ranks on the common ground of justice, in the name of the repeal

of the con laws. Then shall the time soon come when these laws shall be abolished. The trade of our country shall be revived. Industry shall, in part, at least, have its reward. The inventions you consider a curse, shall be converted into blessings. A fair stage shall be left for the prosecution of other great enterprises. We shall recognize each other

as comrades in this glorious struggle, and, having obtained bread, labor together for other and equally legitimate objects. May Heaven continue to grant you patience—and wisdom with your patience—and fortitude with both—and crown your exertions with triumph at the end! [During the delivery of the

latter part of his speech, Mr. Thompson was much affected. A solemn stillness reigned around. Not a whisper could be heard. Every one seemed riveted to the spot, and not a few were beguiled of their tears, albeit unused to the melting mood. Never was a more marked change in the conduct of an audience witnessed. Those who but lately were

clamorous and unruly in their interruption, were now all attention, and patience, and admiration. Mr. Thompson, on sitting down, was greeted with deafening cheers from all parts of the room.]—*Carlisle Journal*.

**The Laborers in Dominica.**

The *Dominica*, in taking a retrospect view of the condition of the Colony, observes :

'Looking then upon the fields, we believe that none of them have been thrown out of cultivation, and whereas we have certainly been seduced in the

and when some have certainly been reduced in the extent of their culture, others have been augmented so that the total amount of the staple commodities we think is not materially affected by the prodigious revolution that in 1838 took place in the shape of voluntary for coerced labor. The practice of the laborers residing on the plantations, which were the

scene of their former bondage, although repaying to them daily to work for wages, is extensively gaining ground, and that, (if our information be correct, without any disapprobation being felt by the landed proprietors. In one parish, an old coffee estate has been nearly all purchased by steady laborers, in part of the purchase money being advanced to a few

cists or in acres each, at an average rate of about twelve dollars per acre—which they manage to keep, in excellent condition with provisions and canes—besides working regularly upon large contiguous estates. The case of the *Pointe Mulatte* Negroes, who purchased last year from the Crown Lands Commissioners 176 acres for £300 odd sterling, in-

lots of two acres each, besides paying 500 dollars for the requisite title deeds, is notorious. Some proprietors who have spare lands in the vicinity of their plantations, we are told actually hire them by the acre to their people, paying in so many days labor. It is true that people would have preferred

giving money rent, and we must confess it would be a *freer* mode; but no owner of lands, as we often tell the negroes, may do what he will with his own. Along the coast, the number of huts is surprising—the inmates punctually going to work on the neighboring heights every day, or almost every day. We believe a very good understanding pre-

vails between master and servant. The principal difficulty is, the high price of labor, which leaves so little comparatively to the capitalist, after he has made his deductions; to which difficulty we may add another, viz: the spirit of hoarding still is prevalent among our peasantry, which baffles, at least to

a great extent, the untiring efforts of the merchants and shopkeepers, hawkers and peddlars, to get the large sums weekly sent out of town, back again to circulate in the capital. The remedy for this and other evils, is not yet brought into operation, viz., general education. Generally speaking, the people can't read, the children are badly brought up, and

above all, on Sundays very few, either of young or old, master or servant, go to church and chapel. Where there are schools, and the little ones are kept in order, and Sunday worship practised, the superiority is amazing. The impression on our mind is, that, on the whole, the wealth, education,

and morals of the community, taken altogether, have *not* materially improved during the last year, whilst at this time 12 months ago, all the materials for improvement stand staring us in the face!

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**The Creole.**

Mr. Webster, in his famous letter on the case of the Creole, *supposes* the following case:

\* Suppose that by the law of England, all blacks were slaves, and incapable of any other condition: if persons of that color, free in the United States, should be attempting to pass from one port to another

showing, attempting to pass from one port to another in their own country, be thrown by stress of weather, (or for any other cause) within British jurisdiction, and there detained for an hour or a day, would it be reasonable that British authority should be made to act upon their condition, and to make them slaves?"

The injustice of this seems almost to shock Mr. Webster. No doubt too this is considered by the South as an unanswerable question; But Mr. Webster must have had the original before him. One would almost think he had been guilty of plagiarism. The following is the existing law of Ala-

And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for any person to seize and make a slave for life, to his own use, any free person of color who may have come into the State of Alabama since the year

1832. *And it is further enacted*, That it shall and may be lawful for a person to seize upon and make a slave for life, *any free person of color who may be found in the State of Alabama after the passage of this act, and who shall have come into the State since its passage.*—Approved Feb. 2, 1832.

And this, though the Constitution of the United States, Art. iv. sec. 2, says, 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.'

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**Abolitionism.**

When did the Bulletin deny the right of petition, as claimed by Mr. Adams and his abolition conductors?

tors in Congress? We have repeatedly urged the editor of that paper to come out and oppose the treasonable course of the northern incendiaries, by denying the pretended right to petition Congress for what that body has no right to grant, and he has never, to our knowledge, uttered a syllable before

Does he not favor abolition? Is he not at this time striving to elect Mayor of St. Louis, a man who is so strongly tinged with abolitionism, that the public are unable to see any important difference in the dark color of his principles, and those with

which Giddings, Garrison & Co. are imbued?  
 'Optics sharp it takes I ween,  
 To see what is not to be seen.'  
 Nativism and abolitionism are united in support  
 of Charles.—*St. Louis Reporter.*











## POETRY.

From the Boston Daily Bee.  
THE COURTSEAN.  
BY F. A. DURVILLER.

Poor child of penury and shame!  
Whose task would cause a blush to name—  
The night is dark, the hour is late,  
Why art thou so importunate?  
Seek'st thou my wayward heart to win,  
With such an air of woe and sin?

The street lamps' dull and murky glare,  
Fell on her wild dishevelled hair—  
It lit her dark but sunken eye,  
Whose keen flash mocked at misery,  
And flickered o'er her pallid brow—  
Good God! Matilda, is it thou?

I saw her huddling into garb,  
The bloom of girlhood in her face,  
With lightsome step and flashing eye  
But half divorced from infancy,  
A fairy gliding o'er the green,  
Matilda leemed at seventeen.

And once again a timid bride,  
Who wept and smiled, and blushed and sighed,  
And trembled as she bade farewell,  
To those who loved her all too well—  
Thou art the same, the doting mother,  
And gave her heart's wealth to another.

I met her in the blazing hall,  
Where fashion held high festival:  
How gracefully she led the dance,  
With pleasure in her countenance!  
Her eyes with pride and triumph teemed,  
Less lovely than of old she seemed.

I knew her by a holier name,  
Than blushing bride can hope to claim,  
For cherub lips her own had pressed,  
And infant hands her firm embraced,  
While she lived in peace apart,  
A cradle held the mother's heart.

The temple came—that Eden home,  
Whence wedded love should never roam,  
That bower of beauty was the scene  
Of passion wild and treason mean—  
What art thou used—what wiles of hell  
I know not—care not—but she fell.

As in the still night, a star,  
That trembles in the dome afar,  
With bright companions shining near,  
Sheds wildly from its lofty sphere—  
She fell, and fell to rise no more,

To drag along a lengthened chain,  
To wish each night the last in vain,  
To think of those still fond and dear,  
By crimes renewed, to lengthen days,  
Already far too long, to gaze  
In agony upon the past,

And from the future shrink afraid,  
Or still, by draughts of liquid fire,  
The serpent that will ne'er expire—  
To be in dreams of torment torn—  
Are thine, Matilda—loved and lost.

My heart is full—poor Child of Grief!  
Thy shame forgot—behold relief!  
To-night, at least, the ruffian blow—  
And brutal joy that thou shalt know—  
Go—shut thee safe from cold and storm,  
That houseless head and faded form.

A tear was in her sunken eye,  
But yet she smiled in mockery;  
With jaunty air she tossed her head,  
Curled and simpered, turned—and fled—  
I dreamed of her, and morning's light  
Renewed the memory of that night;

Her form was still before my eyes,  
And fancy heard her dying sighs,  
And then some weary days passed o'er,  
I learned Matilda was no more.

The following lines, commemorative of the solemn  
ceremony of christening her apparent to the British  
crown, are copied from a late number of the Leeds  
"NORTHERN STAR," the Christian organ of England.

## THE BABY SPRINKLING.

A STARVATION ANTHEM FOR THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.  
Bring forth the babe in pump and lace,  
While thousands starve, and curse the light!  
But what of that?—on royal face  
Shame knows no blush, however slight.

Bring forth the babe; a nation's moan  
Will ring sweet music in his ear,  
For well we know a people's groans  
To royal ears were always dear.

Bring forth the babe!—down, courtiers, down!  
And bow your lacqued knees in dust,  
Before a child's bedchamber gown—  
(Our children cannot find a crust!)

When Christ was born, no servile throng  
Around the Saviour's manger met;  
No flatterers raised their fulsome song—  
But what was Christ to Albert's pet?

God, who has heard the orphan's moan;  
God, who has heard the widow's cry;  
Thou, too, dost sit upon a throne,  
But none round thee of famine die!

Things like this babe of royal birth,  
Who boast their princely "right divine,"  
Are but thy parodies on earth—  
Their's is oppression—mercy thine.

Bring forth the babe! From foreign lands  
Fresh kindred vampires flock to greet  
This new one in his nurse's hands,  
(For royal mothers have no teat!)

Bring forth the toy of princely whim,  
And let your prayers mount night and day;  
For ought we need to pray for him,  
Who'll prey on us enough some day?

O! who would grudge to squander gold  
On such a glorious babe as this?  
What though our babes be starved and cold?  
They have no claim on earthly bliss.

Our are no mongrel German breeds,  
But English blood, and English bred;  
Then let them live and die in need,  
While the plump Coghing thing is fed.

Christen the babe, Archbishop proud,  
Strange servant of the lowly Christ,  
Thousands are to your purse allowed—  
For him the smallest loaf sufficed.

Though holy water's scanty now,  
My lord, you may dismiss your fears;  
Take, to baptize the infant's brow,  
A starving people's bitter tears!

'Oh Luxury, thou curd'st by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures, only to destroy!

Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:  
At every draught more large and large they grow—  
A bloated mass of rancor, unweildly woe.

Till app'd their strength, and every part unbound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

## NON-RESISTANCE.

PHILADELPHIA, March 30, 1842.  
A Military Funeral Headed by a Clergyman,  
APPROPRIATE WORK FOR SUNDAY.

So say the man-killing church and clergy. The house in which I live in Philadelphia borders in the rear on one of the city burying-grounds. A few Sundays since, in the forenoon, a grave was dug in that part of the ground that comes close under my windows. (No harm in providing a house for a dead body on Sunday, but very wicked to provide one for a living man.) In the afternoon of the same day, martial music was heard in the streets. On looking out the back windows, a procession was discovered at a distance, marching slowly up the street, flanked on both sides by men, women and children—a disorderly and motley multitude. As it drew near, the following was observed to be the order of march.

In front walked a man with a feather and cockade on his hat, with epaulettes on his shoulders, with a drawn sword in his right hand, in complete military uniform, armed and equipped as the law directs. Next came the fifers, drummers, bugle-men and trumpeters, blowing and beating a grand march. (Very wicked to play a march on the piano, in the house, on Sunday!) Next came a military company, with guns on their shoulders, heads erect, in full military costume, banners flying, keeping step to the music. Next came the CLERGYMAN, (the clergy stick close to the military, always,) in hands and gown, prayer-book and Bible in hand, decked in complete clerical uniform—for clerical captains have a uniform as well as military captains and brigadiers. What next? Both are leaders, and need to be distinguished by a uniform—a cockade, a cockade, and epaulettes. Next came the body, borne on men's shoulders, with military pall-bearers. Next the friends of the deceased, and then a long line of acquaintances—all together, with the hosts on the flanks, trying to keep time with the "thrilling file and peeling drum," and deep-toned bugle.

Arrived at the gate, the military opened to the right and left—the music ceased. The clergyman, then, with reverend pace, marched solemnly through the opening ranks, followed by the deceased and friends. As he entered the ground, he began to perform, as it is put down to be played at military funerals. Saying over the words as they are put down, he entered the gate, wheeled to the right, marched to the grave, halted. Then the military leader, in imitation of the clergyman, stepped through with his performance, with military exactness and dexterity, fully up to the dexter dexterity and promptitude of his predecessor, and to the amusement, and doubtless to the spiritual comfort and improvement of all beholders.

First he gave the word—"First platoon, right wheel!" It wheeled. "March!" It marched. "Right face," said he. It faced the grave. "Make ready," said the captain. The soldiers made ready. "Take aim," said he. They pointed their guns right down into the grave. "Fire," shouted the captain. BANG, went the guns into the grave. Then this platoon was marched off, and the second platoon marched on to the ground, and fired away, down into the grave; then another and another, the band playing, in good martial style, a grand march—the clergyman, mourners, and the multitude looking on and gazing intently, appearing to be greatly edified and comforted. Then the military escorted the clergyman and mourners to their homes in a *reversé* and solemn way, all stepping to the top of the organ, the squalid life, the fray of trumpet, and tinkle of cymbal.

All this firing, drumming and trumpeting, and martial array, on Sunday, a day which the clergy say is more holy than other days, and in which only works of necessity and mercy are to be done. Not a clergyman in the city, and there are hundreds, raises his voice against this more than against slavery. They think it is right, because it was headed by a clergyman. The people may do anything on Sunday, if they ask the consent and presence of the clergy; but who to the people, if they attempt to judge for themselves what are works of necessity and mercy. Sunday is *clergyman* day, and all that is done on it must be made subservient to their power.

I am reminded of a scene in the streets here on Sunday. A mother was leading a little child along to meeting. A canary bird was singing sweetly and merrily in a cage hanging out of a window. "O mother!" exclaimed the child, "see that pretty bird!—how it sings!" "Hush!" said the mother, "it is Sunday; I have often told you not to make such a noise on Sunday; it disturbs my mind!" The same mother was not at all offended and disturbed in her devout meditations by the life and drum—the firings and shootings of that military funeral. A clergyman in full uniform was at the head of it, to consecrate them all, and make them holy.

I am reminded also of a scene in Boston. The troops at the fort in Boston harbor were wanted by the southern slave-hunters and kidnappers, to hunt down and butcher the Seminole Indians for comforting the runaway slaves. Orders arrived Saturday night. Sunday morning, as the bells were ringing to call the people to gaze at an advancing army, the troops of their Sunday religious play-actors, the troops from the fort were marching through the city, with colors flying, flags playing, and drums beating, to the Providence railroad depot, on their way to butcher the humane Seminoles. They could not wait till Monday, any how—the kidnappers Anglo-Jews (then called President's men) and their knappers were in such a hurry to have the Indians killed off, that they need not endanger the "peculiar institution." Not a clergyman or church in Boston raised a voice against it. Their prayers and preachings, their devotions and Sunday exhibitions can no more be disturbed by military marchings, firings, drumming, and shootings, to kill the humane Indians, in defense of slavery, than by military funerals, in their estimation, it was a work of "necessity and mercy" to march the troops down South on Sunday, to kill the Indians, to protect slavery. It would, in their view, be a suitable Sunday work—a work of pure necessity and mercy, to shoot down the slaves themselves, if they should attempt to gain liberty by resisting their oppressors, or running away.

Thus it is with the religion and clergy of the country; they consider it right and proper to study the art of war, and to hunt and butcher men on Sunday, but they excommunicate men and women for going to hear non-resistance on that day—and they hunt and shoot down the slaves on Sunday, if they do not for freedom, but for the sake of the non-resistance anti-slavery as inappropriate to Sunday! Well, dear brother, their hypocrisy is being manifested. They cannot much longer gul and destroy the people. Their days are numbered, and they will be finished in due time, as sure as God is the God of the oppressed, and Christ the Prince of Peace.

H. C. WRIGHT.

THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT OF THE MURDERER.  
A DISCOURSE BY JOHN N. McLEOD, Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York. New York: R. Carter, 58 Canal street. 1842. pp. 34.

This subject has recently attracted interest by the strong efforts making for the abolition, by the Legislature, of capital punishment in all cases. We believe that willful murder, by the Divine law, incurs the penalty of death, and that therefore the philanthropy professing to seek its abolition in such cases, is false and mistaken. The sermon by Mr. McLeod is founded on Genesis ix. 6, and considers the law, and the objections made to it. He discusses particularly the scriptural argument on the subject, in a most conclusive and satisfactory manner. We recommend the sermon to public attention.

We are pleased to find that this subject, as connected with the divine law and its bearings on the public welfare, has been introduced into the pulpit. Besides the sermon of Mr. McLeod, and the one by Dr. Patten we before noticed, we perceive that Dr. Cuyler of Philadelphia has recently preached and published a sermon on this subject—*Christian Intelligence*.

Here are a worthy clerical trio, out in full cry for blood. The scent of it is grateful to their depraved nature, and they are waiting patiently, lest they shall be deprived of the pleasure of drinking from the vital, purple stream of life.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT. Corporal punishments have generally a hardening effect on the mind of both the young and the old. A blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his own trade. One day, the old Lulean was attempting to harden a cold chisel, but could not succeed. His wife, his father, explained the youth, "if that will not harden it, explain it!"

Stephen A. Chase, Esq. has resigned his office as Superintendent of the Eastern Railroad, and Mr. John Kinsman has been appointed Master of Transportation.

## MISCELLANY.

Supreme Judicial Court—Judge Wilde Presiding.  
TRIAL FOR LIBEL.  
BUTTERFIELD VS. FARNSWORTH & CO.

Saturday, March 16, 1842.  
The libel was a resolution passed at a public meeting of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society in Littleton, January 8th, 1842, and in the following words:

Resolved, That we, as abolitionists, caution all lovers of liberty and freedom, far and near, to avoid the public house kept by Mr. Butterfield, on Littleton Common, as they would avoid any known public imposition.

First witness called was  
Otho J. J. I live in Littleton—an clergyman, then present at the commencement and close of the meeting. I was present when the resolution was passed. The subject was up—a gentleman was speaking—the resolution was handed up—there was speaking on the subject—about five individuals spoke. Dr. Farnsworth rose and said, I would suggest to our friends, as they are not making quite as much of this affair as it is worth. The most that can be said of it is that it is a contemptible affair. You have made a text of it for a long time, and I think quite long enough. If we are to have any action upon it, why let us have it—let us say we pass it over. However, I submit it to your better judgment. The Secretary (Mr. Bancroft) then read the resolution. The President took it and put it to vote, and it passed. S. C. Wheeler was the Secretary of the meeting the first day.

After cross ex. At the time of the passage of the resolution, I was sitting back in the rear body pews. The house was about one-half or two-thirds full. I could not hear all that the different speakers said. I do not recollect any conditions.

Wm. Putnam. I live in Groton—I know the Plaintiff. I went with Butterfield to Farnsworth's. We went into a room where there were several. He took us into a room where there were only four of us alone. Butterfield opened a paper—Dr. Farnsworth took it in his hand and looked at it, and I supposed read it. Mr. Butterfield asked him if he authorized that publication. I don't know that he made any reply to that. Butterfield told him he felt himself injured, and would like to have him retract it (the resolution). The Dr. said, no, not I. He said it was usual to publish all the proceedings of the meeting, and he presumed this would be. He felt satisfied the Society was correct, and he was willing to abide the consequences.

Cross-ex. I have used the exact words. I have told the whole conversation as far as I can recollect. It was Monday, 17th January. I went the same day to Bancroft. He acknowledged the resolve written by him and signed by him. Butterfield asked him if he was willing to retract. He said no, he could not.

Something was said about the consequences. Dr. F. had a chair something near the middle of the floor. He spoke loud—my memory has not been refreshed. I don't know that I ever stated this in the hearing of Mr. Butterfield. I did not know that in writing at the request of Burroughs. I don't know that I ever stated this testimony to any person, except by thinking it over, I thought to read over this writing was the same thing as thinking it over in my own mind. The Court then adjourned until Monday.

Monday, March 18.  
Mr. Chamberlain. I keep a public house in Littleton. I recollect the abolition meeting. Dr. Farnsworth and others put up their horses there. He came in after the meeting, spoke of some imposition at the other house. I asked him what it was about. He said there had been some resolutions passed concerning it. He stated the price paid, and I thought it was high. Dr. F. did not state to me the price was high. He said he thought brother Collins had been imposed upon. I don't recollect exactly what he said respecting the resolutions. I recollect that he said such a resolution had been passed.

John A. Collins. I attended the Anti-Slavery Convention in Littleton, 8th January last. On the morning of that day, (Mr. Remond was my companion,) we drove up to the meeting-house 15 minutes before 12. A man stepped up to take the horse. I told him to take good care of him. About 3 o'clock I went to see how the horse was taken care of. Next morning about 10 o'clock, I was taken care of. I saw a man in the window of Mr. Butterfield's hotel; I beckoned him to come out. While we were there, we saw Mr. Butterfield coming up, and beckoned him. He appeared agitated. I asked him why he should charge us \$1.25. He looked up very much agitated, and said, I think men would get a better price for their horses. I said I would return to the meeting. We rode back, and the facts of the case, and left the meeting again, and rode off to Boston. The highest price I have ever paid for keeping a horse a day is 75 cents. I did not lodge at Butterfield's myself, neither did my companion. He changed colors, and his lips quivered. When I asked him what he charged me for, he said \$1.25. I was a abolitionist, he made no reply. He did not articulate, though there was a motion of the lips. He was within half a rod of me, I should judge. I had never seen Mr. Butterfield before.

Mr. Remond. I live in Salem. I was at the meeting in Littleton. I went with Mr. Collins, as he has stated. I thought I had no objection to his having the horse, paid Mr. Butterfield \$1.25. Went back to the meeting-house to see Collins. I told him the horse was ready, and what I had paid, and he said he thought it was very high. We then started for Boston. We missed the road, and I advised him to stop at the tavern and inquire. We did so. Mr. Collins has stated. When Mr. Collins asked Butterfield if he charged him more because he was an abolitionist, I understood him to say yes; have no doubt that he said yes.

Joseph Estes. I live in Groton. Was at the anti-slavery meeting. When Mr. Collins and Remond came up to the meeting-house, I saw Mr. Butterfield. Told Butterfield to put up the horse and give him four quarts of oats. I did not tell him how long he was to stand. Mr. Collins gave me no special directions about the horse—told him to feed the horse when he was cool. I don't belong to any anti-slavery society, and I don't recollect the use heard part of the conversation. I was about the same distance as myself, only in another direction.

John Kinsman. I was the stable of Mr. Butterfield on the 8th of January. The horse was brought there a little before 12. I asked the man what he wanted the horse to do. He said 4 quarts of oats. I asked him if he had not more than 12 next day. I gave the horse 4 quarts of oats in the afternoon, 4 quarts of corn before I shut up at night, and 4 quarts of corn the next morning about 10 o'clock. Butterfield told me that he had given 6 quarts of corn in the morning. The common price of keeping a horse a day, is 62 1/2 cents. Don't remember of having kept a horse there the next night. I recollect Mr. Butterfield having gone to Groton to see Dr. Farnsworth to try and get something out of him.

Never had any difficulty with Mr. Butterfield. I let myself to him in this way—when he was dissatisfied with me, he was to dismiss me, and when I was dissatisfied with him, I was to leave him.

E. B. Farnsworth. I attended the hearing before the magistrate in Groton—paid attention to it, and took notes of the evidence. Mr. Putnam was asked by Mr. Parley about the testimony of Mr. Burroughs. He said it was substantially correct. He was asked if he could repeat the conversation. He said he could not repeat the words. I heard the testimony of Burroughs.

I am a nephew of Dr. Farnsworth. He has assisted me through college—has loaned me money. Andrew Robbins. I attended the trial in Groton. Heard Mr. Putnam testify. He stated that he went to Dr. Farnsworth with Burroughs. He thought the testimony that Burroughs gave in was true. On cross-examination he said he could not recollect the conversation between Burroughs and Farnsworth. He said he could not state the substance of what they said.

George W. Bancroft. I am a brother of defendant—attended the trial in Groton. Putnam testified on cross-examination, that he could not recollect the language or expression used in the conversation at Dr. Farnsworth's.

R. Kinball keeps a stable near the Merriam House in Lowell—charged travellers who stay overnight and have 2 feeds for their horses, 62 cents—for 24 hours and 3 feeds, 75 cents—for 4 feeds, 87 cents. If a traveller should arrive a little before noon one day and go away next day a little after noon, he should charge him 87 cents. Does not know prices in the country—thinks prices are as high in the city as in the country—cost of keeping stable is greater.

Rodney Parker keeps the American House in Lowell—charges 75 cents for keeping a horse 24 hours—should charge 75 cents of a traveller should he come before noon one day, and go away a little after noon the next.

Joseph Butterfield of Lowell. Have lived in this country all my life—have been deeply shorn 30 years. When I have had occasion to put up my horse at Concord, and other places, have paid 75 cents per day.

Mr. Hartwell lives in Littleton—was in Bollo's store the evening after the meeting. Butterfield came in, and Bollo said to him, there has been some difficulty. He asked him what the difficulty was. He said he had given the horse double allowance of grain, and had charged him for two nights' keeping. Afterwards he said he did not charge them any too much, considering that he had been in Littleton about one year and a half.

Mr. Bollo. I keep store in Littleton. Butterfield came into my store spoke about the difficulty. He asked him what the horse double allowance of grain, and had charged him for two nights' keeping. Afterwards he said he did not charge them any too much, considering that he had been in Littleton about one year and a half.

Mr. Butler. I was at the meeting—sat near the President. The President remonstrated against the passage of the resolution—said it was a small affair, and he wished they would discontinue it and proceed to something else. I belong to that Society.

Nathan Cole. Lives in Littleton—recollects the meeting—was present at the conversation between Collins and Butterfield. Collins asked Butterfield why he taxed him so much for keeping his horse. He said he taxed him so much because he was an abolitionist. Collins said that a man who went round about begging his bills, he didn't think well of him. Collins said he would go back and report him to the Society. He then went off. I was standing near the end of the house. Before the conversation was over, I heard Mr. Collins say, "Heard Collins say, Butterfield said that a man who went round about begging his bills, he didn't think well of him. Collins said he would go back and report him to the Society. He then went off. I was standing near the end of the house. Before the conversation was over, I heard Mr. Collins say, 'Heard Collins say, Butterfield said that a man who went round about begging his bills, he didn't think well of him. 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